# Nancy's Complaint

FOR THE

*Loſs of her Sailor, who was killed by the French on the firſt of Auguſt.*

A NEW SONG.

*Sold at No. 41, Long-Lane.*

NEAR a clear chryſtal ſtream, where ſweet flowers do grow,
I beheld a young damſel in ſorrow and woe,
Grieving for her ſailor ſhe did ſo adore,
But ſhe cry'd, 'tis all in vain, I ſhall ne'er ſee him m

*CHORUS.*

*Dejected I wander ſo ſad and forlorn,*
*I almoſt rue the day that ever I was born,*
*Surely no one is ſo wretched as me,*
*My bonny young ſailor was loſt on the ſea.*

When firſt he did leave me 'twas with an aching heart,
Quite loath then we were with each other to part;
'Twas with brave Nelſon's fleet my love he ſet ſail,
But in that fierce engagement my ſailor was ſlain.

The firſt day of Auguſt I ſhall never forget,
The day my love loſt his life in that dreadful fray,
He was the fineſt young lad that my eyes e'er did ſee
But a fatal ſhot came and his life took away.

'Twas by a letter this damſel receiv'd,
That ſhe knew her love of his life was bereav'd,
She ſcarce could read the contents, her eyes with tears did overflow,
Her heart it was fill'd with ſorrow and woe.

Simpathiſe then with me you young laſſes ſo brave,
And drop a ſoft tear on my love's watery grave,
You who are fond of a ſailor that plows on the main
In Nelſon's engagement my ſailor was ſlain.